

Arizona Weekly Enterprise.

VOLUME VIII.

FLORENCE, PINAL COUNTY, ARIZONA, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1888.

NUMBER 8.

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Wines, Liquors and Cigars,

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Particular attention given to the Sale of Country property, including Stock Ranges and Lands Suitable for Colonization. Abstracts furnished and Loans Negotiated. Catalogues of properties furnished on application. W. refer by permission to Kales & Lewis, Bankers, and the Valley Bank of Phoenix, Phoenix, Arizona.

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OF TUCSON,

A Shop in which all kinds of Machine Repairing can be done.

Steam Engines, Heavy Machinery, Windmills, Steam and Horse Power Pumps, Wrought Iron Pipe, Plumbing, Steam and Gas Fitting.

Mill, Mine and Ranch Supplies, Barbed Wire and Iron Roofing.

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IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE GROCERS,

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Agents for the Celebrated Victoria Water.

Always a large stock of

Imported Key West and Domestic Cigars on hand.

Country Orders will be filled promptly.

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Of Tucson, Ariz., Dealer in

Furniture, Carpets and Bedding.

Having made arrangements to remove his business to San Bernardino, California, offers his entire stock of

Furniture, Carpets and Bedding at Cost.

And many articles Below Cost. The entire Stock must be sold before

JUNE FIRST

There will probably never be another opportunity like this to secure furniture in Arizona at such low prices.

Mail Orders promptly attended to.

LEO GOLDSCHMIDT, - - Tucson Arizona.

INDIAN TIGEROS.

How They Spear Pumas and Jaguars in Costa Rica Forests.

A couple of spears, one long and one shorter, made the equipment of the tigrero. They were big, slouching, light-colored animals, were evidently related to the coyote. Dangerous rather than savage, not prone to bark, they performed the role of house dogs badly. The Don assured us that puppies will not bark at all unless taught by others. But they learn at once, thus differing from the thoroughbred coyote, which can only howl and whimper in the first generation of domesticity, and seldom succeeds in learning a true bark until the third.

We asked why one dollar was granted for a slain puma, and but fifty cents for a jaguar, seeing that the latter animal is so much more dangerous and destructive. It appears that, in the fashion of hunting to which these Indians obstinately adhere, the less terrible beast causes the greater loss of life. Tigeros go in couples, the head man in advance with his two spears, the subordinate following with his machete or chopping-knife. The jaguar is easily tracked, and does not go far when roused. So soon as it is thoroughly conveyed to his mind that these intruders wish to see him personally he turns with a roar that always gives sufficient warning to such practiced shikaris. A moment afterward he comes trotting up. The foremost Indian kneels, holding a spear in either hand, the long one farthest out—his companion stands at the side. The jaguar does not pause, but gathering himself up, cleaves the air in a mighty bound, his fore legs wide asunder and claws hooked to rend. Very seldom does it happen that the long spears fail to transfix his unprotected chest, or the shorter one his throat.

Such is not the puma's conduct. When disturbed he skulks swiftly through the brushwood, and commonly escapes. In following a jaguar dogs are seldom hurt, for he disregards them, and they have no need to press him. But the puma turns constantly, menaces a bound, and speeds on again. Even if wounded he is slow to stand; but when brought to bay at length it is a more deadly risk to face him. For this combat the spears are useless. Springing with his paws crossed, the puma would dash them aside. His feet firmly planted, knife in his left hand, machete in his right, the Indian stands forward. He has one blow, in midair. If it fails—if the skull be not cleft like an apple—brute and man roll over in hideous embrace. At such a time the comrade seldom wanted in jaguar hunting would be invaluable. But when an Indian sets out intentionally to track a puma he goes alone. So did his fathers and so does he.

Very, very rarely a jaguar springs with his paws crossed, and then there is walling in the tigrero's hut. For the spears upon which he relied are twisted from his grasp, and the huge beast falls upon him kneeling. If the comrade with the machete be true the tiger has probably two victims instead of one. The single chance of these poor Indians lies with their dogs, and it is but a very small one. Jaguars with this uncomfortable habit are scarce, however—it is more than an accident. None of the ranchero's Indians had seen a case, though that fact proves little. Witnesses of the phenomenon rarely survive.—Belgravia.

A LINCOLN STORY.

Reminiscences of a Lady's Visit to the President During the War.

As too much can not be said about Mr. Lincoln an inducement to send you the following account of an interview which the writer had with him. I called upon him to ask for a position in the service for my son. Alas! I received it, my boy went to the war and never returned. I was accompanied by a lady companion, a Southern woman, and we had with us a little boy, a grandson of Lord Fairfax. After a pleasant interview, my friend said: "Will you give me your autograph for a friend in England?" I, however, had hesitated to ask him, although writing one very much. He went to his desk and wrote, "Yours truly, A. Lincoln," but instead of giving it to my friend, who had asked for it, he handed it to me, and I still have it among my treasures. He then wrote simply, "A. Lincoln." Handing it to my friend he remarked, sotto voce: "That is good enough for England."

I then said: "Mr. President, I have brought a grandson of Lord Fairfax to see you." He was a beautiful boy and Mr. Lincoln, who was always fond of children, extended his hand to him, saying: "He bids fair to be a handsomer man than I am. Well, my little man, you are for the Union?" The boy looked up into Mr. Lincoln's face and replied: "Somewhat!" Both I and my friend were horrified; she, a Southern woman, fearing we would be arrested, and I, that I would fail in getting my boy's appointment, but Mr. Lincoln only laughed and said: "I guess there are a good many somewhats."

Just as we were about to withdraw, wishing to express my thanks for his courtesy, I said: "O, Mr. Lincoln, you do not know how much I shall prize your autograph, and if you only get out of this war it will be ever very precious." I shall never forget his earnest earnestness, yet hopeful expression of contentment as he replied: "You pray for me and I will do the best I can."

After getting into our carriage I said to the boy, who was only about seven years of age: "Why did you say you were somewhat for the Union?" He replied: "Why, mamma is always crying and praying for the South and papa is serving Uncle Sam, and I can not help being somewhat."—Cor. N. Y. Graphic.

JOLLY IRISH TIM.

Reminiscences of an Eccentric Member of a Michigan Battery.

Timothy McGaricle was a private in Battery K, First Michigan Artillery. He was distinguished by being the only Irishman of a company composed entirely of Germans, and by being killed at Marietta, Ga., according to the field surgeon's report and yet coming home with his battery and landing in Detroit as fresh and spry as when he left the city for the Potomac as a member of Battery K.

He was an embodiment of the sentiment so lustily sung by all the soldiers that could raise a tune in those stirring times of war and hard task! Let the wide world wag as it will! He was gay and happy still.

Tim was always gay and happy. He apparently cared for nothing. As a soldier, in the general meaning of the term, he had not the least qualification; but as a comrade and a general dispenser of the blues he was a brilliant success.

Had he been charged with all the clothing he wore and lost and the cost deducted from his pay he would at this day been in debt to the Government, even had his wages gone on since his discharge. At least that is the testimony of his officers. Even his haversack was not sacred to him. When it was well filled with provisions a comrade came to him and said: "Tim, that is my haversack you have." Tim looked at him a moment and said: "Begorra, if that is so just take it and welcome." At the same time unslinging the sack and handing it to his comrade. Then he went straightway to his Lieutenant to ask for another haversack. That officer replied: "You shall have none. I have given you a dozen already."

"All right," said Tim, and walked away contented. A few minutes afterward when the battery was ready to march Tim took his accustomed place and with a haversack slung over his shoulder. But such a haversack! He had taken off his drawers, tied the bottom of the legs together, stuffed his rations into them, and after tying the top, hung the garment around his neck between his arms.

Rather than set up a tent or be burdened with carrying it Tim slept on the open ground, literally no canopy but the sky, no covering but his blanket. One night at one o'clock he rapped gently on the tent-pole of his Lieutenant. "Woe's there?" called that officer. "It's me!" "What now, Tim?" "Shure, sir, it's going to rain and I want a pick and shovel to dig a trench around me so I will not get wet!" "You intolerable nuisance," said the officer, "if it does rain crawl under my tent."

When going by water from Cincinnati to Nashville, Battery K having been ordered from the Potomac to the West, at one place the boat was unloaded to pass a shoal of several miles, the men and horses going overland to the deep water below. Tim was entrusted to lead two mules. The air was chilly and the animals were frisky. When reloading the officer demanded of Tim where his mules were: "Shure and they wanted to exercise a little about six miles back and left them there. I didn't want to be left, when the boat picked us up, back there in the wilderness for no damn mules."

Tim was killed at Marietta, Ga., in an artillery duel between Batteries K and L, of the First Michigan, on one side and Battery I, First Missouri, on the other. Tim was holding the Lieutenant's horse when a shell went through the animal and tore off part of Tim's side and back. The surgeon looked at him as he lay wounded and turned away saying: "He is virtually dead. No man wounded that way can live ten minutes." Who n the skirmish was over, Tim was still alive. After three days' riding in the ambulance with his battery he was taken to the hospital. He recovered and rejoined the battery and was mustered out with it and came back to Detroit.

He may be dead now, poor fellow, or he may be living, for surely if the shell at Marietta could not kill him nothing but a blast from a dynamite bomb could end him. One thing is certain, he is alive yet in the hearts and memories of the First Michigan Artillery. No two of them meet without exchange of reminiscences of Irish Tim.—C. B. Holding, in Detroit Free Press.

It is reported that gold has been found in Stratford, Conn., at a place known as Juniper rocks. T. B. Fairchild, of Stratford, came upon the deposit while looking for Indian arrowheads. He knocked off specimens of the rock, had them assayed, and was told that the gold was abundant. Mr. Fairchild was not able to buy Juniper rock, but has rented it, and will begin work at once, blasting and crushing the ore.

A WOMAN'S SUCCESS.

What Determination, Perseverance and Industry Will Accomplish.

Here is the life history of a woman who is well known to many New York shoppers as the fore-woman in the suit department. She is still quite young, on the sunny side of thirty-five, with a pleasant face, a sweet, low voice and a manner that helps her greatly in her profession. This may not seem a very exalted position to some people, but when they consider the long, steep road she has climbed, her present stand may appear an enviable one. At all events her work is light, though the responsibilities are heavy. She gets very nearly \$2,500 a year, and has a cheerful, pretty little flat of her own, where she has books, and birds, and flowers, and she considers herself an individual greatly to be envied. This is the story: Twenty-five years ago a man died in a little squalid Scotch village by the sea and a few miles from a port where the smaller sort of sailing vessels cleared for harbors all over the world. There was nothing uncommon concerning this man's death; in fact, it was the usual business: helpless widow, three crying orphans, no money and no prospect of a future. The eldest brat was an elfish girl with a sharp tongue that offended a close-fisted relative who offered to take the mother into his house as housekeeper, and the two boys to work on the farm as soon as they were able, but would not have the girl at any price. She heard his proposition and her eyes flashed. She wouldn't stand in her mother's way or in that of her little brothers, so the ten-year-old boy packed her on her other dress and a few childish treasures in an old handkerchief, kissed the three tenderly, and when they were asleep stole away to the neighboring town through the darkness. She hung about the wharf for two days until she found a ship bound to America. When that ship sailed, and yet she didn't seem to be on the ship. The third day out comes a white-faced brat from the hold, ghastly with hunger. The captain swore a little, then laughed, and the women fed, clothed and cosseted the only girl stowaway they had ever seen. When the ship reached New York one of the women took the child to mind her babies at home. She learned to read from the children's blocks and picture-books; she learned to write and figure from one of the older girls, who was going to a primary school and liked to have help in her lessons. At fifteen she was behind a counter in a shop; at twenty she was at the head of her department. The uncle was dead, the boys apprenticed and the mother alone; so she sent for her and they took two rooms. In five years more she was the headwoman in the big shop, and every two or three years her salary increased. She lives well, saves something each year, has an account in the savings bank and is as plucky as ever.—N. Y. World.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

Things of Beauty and Usefulness and Trifles Light as Air.

Here are a number of inventions which do not need long descriptions: A small, round rubber mat, with little spikes all over it, on which the cashier drops the silver change and from which the customer easily picks it.

A cheese-cutter, consisting of a knife by which the grocer can, with certainty, cut ten ounces from the cheese whenever the customer orders half a pound.

A balloon which carries a lightning-rod high in the air over an oil tank.

A cigar-slicing machine that drops out an all-Havana, clips the end off, and exposes a match and a piece of sand-paper, whenever a nickel or lead blank is dropped in a slit in the side of the machine.

A nose protector (Idaho invention), by which a woolen pad is snugly carried on the end of the nose in cold weather.

An electrical boot-blackening machine, in which a brush is rapidly revolved in a non-rotating handle. The whirling brush brings the shine in one-tenth of the time of the old vibrator elbow method.

A rubber funnel which may be fitted over the head, big end up, so as to inclose all the hair while the barber shampoos a customer. A tube hangs down behind, so as to carry away the suds, while the hose for flushing out the hair, funnel and tube is provided. It is the invention of a German barber.

A monster bicycle, with places for two men in a basket swung below the axle, who operate this machine with levers geared to the axle.

A decoy duck with a variety of detachable heads.

FLORENCE HOTEL.

MAIN STREET, FLORENCE.

L. K. Drais, Proprietor

GUESTS PROVIDED WITH EVERY COMFORT.

ETS THE BEST TABLE IN ARIZONA.

CHARGES MODERATE.

THE BAR SUPPLIED WITH THE BEST LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

ALL STAGES CALL AT THIS HOTEL.

A BARGAIN!

320 Acres,

Improved Land, all under fence, with water right,

For Sale Cheap.

Splendidly located near the town of Florence, and is the best alfalfa land in the valley.

MUST BE SOLD AT ONCE

If sold at all.

For particulars inquire at the ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

W. J. BLEY.

Contractor & Builder.

Estimates made and plans furnished for any kind of structure, and contracts taken upon the most REASONABLE TERMS.

FLORENCE, ARIZONA

Notice of Homestead Proof.

(Homestead Application No.—) U. S. LAND OFFICE, TUCSON, ARIZONA, May 8, 1887. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Clerk of the U. S. District Court at Florence, Arizona, on the 18th day of June, 1888, viz: Milton Ward of Florence, Arizona, for the N. E. 1/4 Section 15, T. 4 S. R. 10 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Charles Rapp, Frank Griffin, William E. Miller and Charles W. Fuller, all of Florence, Arizona.

A. D. DUFF, Register.

Notice of Desert Land Proof.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, TUCSON, ARIZONA, May 9, 1888. Notice is hereby given that Charles A. Ritsch of Florence, Arizona, has filed notice of his intention to make final proof on his desert land claim No. 685, for the N. W. 1/4 of N. W. 1/4 Section 22, T. 4 S. R. 10 E., before the Clerk of the U. S. District Court at Florence, Arizona, on Friday the 22nd day of June 1888.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: Charles W. Fuller, Frank Griffin, Peter Grochowski and James N. Denier, all of Florence, Arizona.

A. D. DUFF, Register.

Notice of Desert Land Proof.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, TUCSON, ARIZONA, May 4, 1888. Notice is hereby given that James N. Denier of Florence, Arizona, has filed notice of his intention to make final proof on his desert land claim No. 686, for the W. 1/4 of N. W. 1/4 of Section 25, T. 4 S. R. 10 E., before the clerk of the U. S. District Court at Florence, Arizona, on Friday, the 22nd day of June, 1888.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: Charles W. Fuller, Wm. Foreman, Chas. A. Ritsch, Peter Grochowski, all of Florence, Arizona.

A. D. DUFF, Register.

Probate Notice.

In the Probate Court of the county of Pinal and Territory of Arizona.

In the matter of the estate of Patrick Holland deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of Patrick Holland deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his place of business in the village of Florence, Pinal County, Arizona Territory.

G. H. OURY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW, Florence, Pinal County, Arizona.

H. N. ALEXANDER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Irvine Building, Phoenix, Arizona.

H. V. JACKSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Will practice in all Courts in the Territory. Office in Collingwood Building, Main street.

WM. HARVEY, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, FLORENCE, ARIZONA

A. T. COLTON, CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR, Deputy United States Mineral Surveyor. Irrigation Works a Specialty. Office with Oury & Guild.

BO. J. WHITESIDE, COUNTY RECORDER, 227 Conveyancing and Record Searching a Specialty.

Agricultural and Mining Abstracts of Title. Reports Made on all Classes of Lands. 227 Correspondence Solicited. 227 Florence, Pinal County, Arizona.

Pure Fresh Water, Served Families Morning and Evening. P. S. RAMIREZ, Prop.

JOHN C. LOSS, Notary Public. Real Estate & Ins. Agt CASA GRANDE, A. T. Erecut all kinds of papers with dispatch. Prompt attention paid to all collections. Will attend cases in Justice Court. Charges mod est.

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Prescriptions carefully compounded and sent by mail or express to any part of the Territory.

F. A. ODERMATT, OPERATIVE AND PROSTHETIC DENTIST, No. 213 Pennington St., up Stairs, Tucson, Arizona.

Special attention paid to correcting irregularities in Children's Teeth. Deformities of the mouth, either congenital or acquired, corrected by mechanical appliances. Artificial Dentures made on Gold, Platinum or Vulcanite base.

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Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Spectacles.

Watches Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted.

Orders left at the Florence Hotel, or sent by Mail or Express will be promptly attended to.

PINAL ARIZONA.

JOHN A. B'ACK, —Dealer in—

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Corner Congress and Meyer Streets, Tucson.

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FLORENCE BREWERY.

I wish to announce to all my customers and patrons that I am still at my old stand in this place and manufacture the

Finest Beer in the Territory,

Which I offer for sale by the Keg, Gallon, Bottle or Glass.

BOTTLED BEER

A Specialty. A Finer Article is not found in the Territory. All Orders Promptly Filled.

Beer forwarded to Silver King, Minera Hill and other Mining Camps.

Choice Wines, Liquors, and Cigars Sold over my bar.

PETER WILL, Proprietor.

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Connecting at Florence with GLOBE and FLORENCE STAGE LINE. Leaves Florence Daily at 2 p. m. for RIVERSIDE, DRIPPING SPRINGS, PI-ONEER and GLOBE.

—Connects at— RIVERSIDE with Boone & Son's line for BENSON.

J. C. LOSS, Agt. Casa Grande. W. E. GUILD, Agt. Florence. W. M. NEAL'S LINE, Connects at MAMMOTH with the Boone Stage from Riverside, for AMERICAN FLAG, ORACLE and TUCSON. Leaves Mammoth Tuesday's Thursday's and Saturday's, returning alternate days.